

# Catch-1782, by Alison Lawson

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## [Part One]

DAVID: I don't know about you, John, but I'll be glad when this day's over and done with.

JOHN: It's just the modern world, David. You can't let the Foundation centenary go unmarked. It's just not done, especially when you've got a Press Officer on the staff.

DAVID: Yes, I suppose so. It's just that this sort of public occasion isn't really me. I'd much rather we just had a few drinks in the club instead of inviting the press in.

JOHN: Well, you know what Rachel would tell you. Oh, but Professor Munro, think of the extra funding we'll attract with the publicity from the event.

DAVID: Oh, that remains to be seen.

JOHN: If nothing else, it'll be a great gathering of Europe's leading scientists. Think of it that way.

DAVID: Yes, you're right, of course, and it'll attract a fair amount of political attention.

JOHN: I'm looking forward to seeing my niece too. I sent her an invitation, but I've not heard from her.

DAVID: She's in computers, isn't she?

JOHN: Yes. Very gifted. Fascinated about science since she was a child. Is this where it's going, then?

(Sounds of digging and groans from men.)

DAVID: Yes. Another of Rachel's ideas. Maybe she really does know what she's doing.

JOHN: Now there's a frightening idea. Oh, come on, let's get indoors. Our guests will be arriving soon, and we'll be back out here for the ceremony before we know it. I want to thaw out before frostbite sets in.

DAVID: How about a glass of something to warm you up before we're overrun with VIPs.

JOHN: Ah, now you're talking.

MEL: So, where to next, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I had in mind somewhere exciting.

MEL: Yes?

DOCTOR: Somewhere beautiful.

MEL: Yes?

DOCTOR: Somewhere we can mix with the greatest living scientists of your time.

MEL: Doctor.

DOCTOR: How about Berkshire?

MEL: Berkshire?

DOCTOR: Yes. If you'll allow me, I... here we are. To Miss Melanie Bush BSc Hons.

MEL: Oh, that must be from Uncle John. He always does that, just for a laugh.

DOCTOR: If Uncle John is Doctor J B Hallam, then yes, it's from him. Why don't you open it?

MEL: Okay. Where did you get this, anyway? The Royal Mail doesn't deliver out here.

DOCTOR: Never mind that. Read it out.

MEL: National Foundation for Scientific Research UK invites you to attend its centenary celebrations on 12<sup>th</sup> of December 2003. Fantastic. Hence Berkshire.

DOCTOR: Yes. Thought you'd be pleased.

MEL: I haven't seen Uncle John in ages. I visited him at the Foundation a few times in the school holidays.

You know, he's to blame for me getting hooked on science. And think of all the people who'll be there at that centenary.

DOCTOR: Exactly. I think it's the perfect day out for us. Black tie champagne reception. Mingle with the great and the good, like Richard Dawkins, catch up with my old friend David Munro.

MEL: Who? Oh, never mind. I'll leave you to do the mingling with the boffins, and Uncle John and I can have a good old natter over the champagne and nibbles. I'm going to get ready. I can't go dressed like this. How long until we get there?

DOCTOR: Er, about ten minutes.

MEL: What?

DOCTOR: Should be plenty of time to get changed.

MEL: Plenty of time? Are you getting changed?

DOCTOR: Hmm?

MEL: Oh, I thought not. Right, see you in ten minutes.

(Internal door closes, strange noise.)

DOCTOR: What was that? A kink in Time? Now that's unusual for rural Berkshire in 2003.

VOICE [OC]: Trapped here.

DOCTOR: Who are you?

VOICE [OC]: Please help me. I'm trapped here.

DOCTOR: No, wait, come back.

(Internal door opens.)

MEL: Were you calling me?

DOCTOR: No. I just heard something very odd. A woman calling. It seemed to be coming from our destination.

MEL: The Foundation? Hmm. The only odd thing there is the canteen menu. Look, I am not going to the reception with you dressed like that. For goodness sake, put on something smart.

DOCTOR: But I

MEL: You can check out your mysterious woman when we get there.

DOCTOR: Why I put up with someone so bossy I'll never know.

MEL: Mmm, birds of a feather, Doctor.

(Door opens, cat meows.)

JOHN: Hello, Jupiter. I'd better get you some dinner before everything kicks off, or you'll go without, and that would never do, now would it? Now, what shall we have? A little Mendelssohn, perhaps? I suppose you've spent the whole day indoors next to the radiator, eh? Once again, my hopes that you've tidied up and done the ironing have been cruelly dashed. Oh, and I see you've left me the washing up as usual.

(The Tardis materialises over The Hebrides, aka Fingal's Cave.)

JOHN: What's that racket? I must get that stereo seen too. It's worse every day.

MEL [OC]: Uncle John? Hello? Where are you?

JOHN: Melanie. I'm in the kitchen. Wait a minute.

(Door opens.)

JOHN: Oh, Melanie, how lovely to see you. I'm so glad you could come. You look fantastic in that dress.

MEL: Thank you. It's so good to see you. Oh, this is the Doctor.

JOHN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes, just the Doctor. Mel and I er, arrived together.

JOHN: Oh, pleased to meet you. I'm sorry, you've caught me in the midst of clearing up a bit. Give me five minutes to get changed and I'll take you down to the reception. (leaves)

DOCTOR: I didn't realise your uncle actually lives at the Foundation. I hope he won't mind us leaving the Tardis in his study.

MEL: Oh, I'm sure it will be all right. No one else comes into his rooms. And the rest of the house is used by the Foundation, but he gets special treatment as the family owns the building.

DOCTOR: And it looks like he can't resist bringing his work home with him in the evening. I mean, look at this. A Bunsen burner on the coffee table?

MEL: Oh, don't touch that. It could be anything. Yes, his lounge always was more like a lab. He likes to dabble in chemistry, although his main hobby is history.

DOCTOR: History?

MEL: Mmm.

DOCTOR: What's an historian doing at the National Foundation for Scientific Research?

MEL: Mostly carbon-dating work, I think.

DOCTOR: Oh.

MEL: He's not always allowed to talk about the projects he's working on.

DOCTOR: He's clearly a man of many talents. And judging from the residue of this particular experiment, I would say he's been doing some important work with fried sausages. Oh, and here's someone else who likes the smell of fried sausages.

(Meow.)

MEL: John finds it difficult to separate his work from the rest of his life, let alone the lounge from the kitchen.

(Door opens.)

MEL: Ah, there you are.

JOHN: Are we all ready, then? Oh, if Jupiter's pestering you for food, ignore him. He's putting on weight.

DOCTOR: Nonsense. He's a magnificent animal, aren't you?

JOHN: Now, we've got a short while before the reception starts. Why don't I show you both round the house and the grounds?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Ah, thank you. I'm sure there's a lot you can tell us about the house. Mel tells me you're an historian.

JOHN: Yes, the house has a fascinating history. My rooms are the old servant's quarters. But let's go downstairs and I'll tell you all about the place.

(Murmur of voices, clink of glasses.)

MAN [PA]: Testing, testing. One two three. Testing.

RACHEL: And then once the guests have arrived, I'll give you the signal and let you know we're ready for your welcome speech, Director.

DAVID: Yes, I'm going to keep that pretty short for the benefit of everyone.

RACHEL: There's a copy of the text in the press packs, just in case. Then, after your speech, we'll go straight outside for the burial.

DAVID: I'd rather we called it the ceremony. It feels slightly less morbid. It is only a metal canister, not a body. (Breaking glass.)

MAN: (distant) Oh, hell.

RACHEL: There may yet be a body for burial this afternoon if there aren't enough wine glasses to go around. Now, where were we? We'll go outside for the bur... for the ceremony, and it's vital that it's all done by three o'clock. Any later than that and we may not have enough daylight for the press photographers.

DAVID: And for the ceremony itself you want me just to put the last item in the time capsule, and seal the lid. What is the last item to go in, by the way?

RACHEL: It's a selection of plant seeds in a damp-proof vial.

DAVID: This is what you get when you leave the decisions to a vote on the staff intranet.

RACHEL: Then you take one shovelful of earth from the hole, which has already been prepared.

DAVID: I've seen it.

RACHEL: One last shovelful of earth for the cameras, then place the canister upright in the hole and shovel some earth in on top. Just one or two shovelfuls will be enough. The groundsmen will complete the job once the ceremony is over.

DAVID: Then we can all get back inside and forget about it for another hundred years.

RACHEL: Yes, then it's back inside for the reception and hopefully the string quartet

JOHN: Of course the Foundation isn't actually a hundred years old at all. Its beginnings were in a private group of researchers a hundred years ago, but the Foundation only got its name and charity status after the Second World War. That's when the Foundation moved into this house.

DOCTOR: Mel tells me that your family own the house, Doctor Hallam.

JOHN: Oh please, Doctor. It's John. And yes, the house has been ours for over three hundred years, and when it passed to my father he didn't want to move us all in here. Said we'd rattle around like peas on a tin drum. So we stayed in our own home, and Father leased the house to the Foundation. Then, of course, when I came to work for them forty years later, I decided to sell my semi and made arrangements to move into the top floor, which the Foundation wasn't using.

DOCTOR: (receding) You lived in a semi?

JOHN: And this is the drawing room. Or it used to be. It's used as a reading room for the library now.

MEL: This room has a wonderful feeling of calm about it. And the view of the grounds is superb from this side of the house, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Yes, it's a very impressive building. I know what you mean about this room, Mel. Maybe it's the measured time of the grandfather clock that has the calming influence, or the deadening effect of so many books.

MEL: I love libraries. I love the smell of books.

JOHN: It's funny. A lot of the staff say they find this room easy to be in, but other parts of the house have quite a different reputation.

DOCTOR: Really? Such as what?

JOHN: Well, some say the house is haunted. I think people probably say that about a lot of old houses, though.

DOCTOR: Interesting. You believe the ghost stories, don't you.

MEL: Ghosts, Uncle John? Surely not.

JOHN: Well, there is one particular story that seems very popular. That is, that a lot of individuals have seen what sounds like the same ghost.

DOCTOR: (sotto) The kink in Time. (normal) Which ghost? What do you know about it?

MEL: Oh really, Doctor. Not you too.

DOCTOR: This may be important, Mel. Please go on, Doctor Hallam. Er, sorry, John.

JOHN: It's the ghost of Eleanor Hallam. She was born in about 1760, died here at the house in about 1811. Some records say that she was buried in the grounds of the house.

MEL: Why not in a graveyard?

JOHN: No idea. Some sources don't record her death at all. It's as if she disappeared into thin air. In fact some records seem unsure that she was even part of the Hallam family.

DOCTOR: But what about the ghost?

JOHN: She's said to walk the corridors of the upper stories of the house, wringing her hands and complaining of being trapped here.

DOCTOR: You seem to know an awful lot about this particular ghost.

JOHN: Yes, well, researching my family tree has been a bit of a hobby for me for a few years now. Especially while living here.

MEL: Family history is one thing, ghosts are quite another. History is fact, ghosts are fiction.

JOHN: But this ghost has been described many times by independent witnesses.  
DOCTOR: Such as?  
JOHN: Well, about five years ago, two men were renewing the loft insulation. They were convinced someone was watching them, and bumped into a woman dressed in what sounded like an eighteenth century costume.  
MEL: Oh, so what? They probably just heard the ghost story and made it up.  
JOHN: Oh, I don't think so. One of them said he had a conversation with her. Said she was a bit loopy. Apparently she thought she was trapped in the house. After a couple of days the men were so spooked by the woman that they left the job half-done, and never came back.  
DOCTOR: Is she threatening, then, or dangerous in some way?  
JOHN: Oh no, no, not at all. I think it's just unsettling for people to find someone in so much distress.  
MEL: Hmm. Or the blokes just scarpered without doing the job they'd been paid for.  
DOCTOR: So cynical at such a young age, Mel. What else do you know about the ghost, John?  
JOHN: Well, there was another time when a security guard patrolling the house and grounds after dark came across a young woman who refused to leave. As the security guard asked her to go, she disappeared into the shadows of the hallway. Gave the man quite a fright.  
MEL: Mmm, I do love a good ghost story, especially when grown men are being frightened out of their skins. (laughs) Oh, the wind is picking up right on cue.  
DOCTOR: Sometimes ghosts are not what they seem, but this one sounds pretty harmless. (sotto) And not the cause of the kink in Time.  
JOHN: Sorry, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: I was just saying I hope we get to the reception on time. It should be just about ready to start.  
MEL: Hey, come and look at this.  
DOCTOR: Hmm?  
JOHN: Ah yes, I see you've found a portrait of Henry Hallam.  
MEL: Who's the woman in the picture, his wife?  
JOHN: Ah, no one knows. Some say it's Eleanor, some say it's the second Mrs Hallam. We know it's not his first wife, Jane, because there are other pictures of her.  
DOCTOR: I'd like to hear some more about the history. Maybe we could do a more detailed tour of the upper stories?  
JOHN: Ah, I think we'll have to wait until after the reception now. It sounds like people have started to arrive. We'd better get going. Come along. I'll introduce you to the Director.  
MEL: I'd rather you introduced me to the champagne.  
DOCTOR: Oh, Mel.

DAVID: Yes, I remember it very well. Oh, excuse me for a moment. Yes, Rachel.  
RACHEL: I think almost everyone is here now, Director. Perhaps another few minutes then I'll give you the signal for your speech.  
DAVID: Thank you. Ah, John.  
JOHN: David, may I introduce my niece, Melanie Bush.  
DAVID: Delighted to meet you, Miss Bush.  
JOHN: And the er, the Doctor. Specialist in er, what did you say your field was, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: Everything, really. It's good to see you again, David.  
JOHN: Oh, you've already met.  
DAVID: Yes, some time ago now, when I was working at the Institute on a nuclear magnetic resonance imaging project.  
DOCTOR: It was a fascinating project, wasn't it? One of the UK's first NMR investigations into the causes of disease. I was so glad to be involved. What was the final outcome?  
DAVID: Well, as you may remember, the government had invested a large amount of time, not to say money, in the project, and felt that the results were of international importance.  
MEL: That's it. The Doctor will be talking for hours now. Let's find the champagne.  
JOHN: Good idea. I've heard all about that project before, anyway. The Doctor must have been very young when he worked on it.  
MEL: Oh, I think the Doctor's older than he looks. Cheers. So you've been researching our family tree? I've always wanted to do that, but never seemed to have the time. Tell me some more about it.  
JOHN: It's difficult to know where to start. Why don't I lend you my notes? They're very comprehensive.  
MEL: I'd love to read them, but, well, it might take me some time to get them back to you though.  
JOHN: Oh, that's not a problem. They're in a bit of a mess though. They're all over the place in my study. I'll show you after the ceremony.  
MEL: Oh yes, the invitation and all that. So what is this ceremony?  
JOHN: Well, we're burying a time capsule in the grounds to mark the centenary. It's a bit of a publicity stunt, really. Just for the press. Gives them something to say other than National Foundation for Scientific Research is staffed by mad professors and fossilised boffins, which is the sort of coverage we usually get.

MEL: So what's in the capsule?

JOHN: Oh, you'd never believe me if I told you. There was a competition on the staff intranet to suggest appropriate items. They all had to be small enough to go in the capsule, which limited some of the options.

MEL: And relevant to science, useful and interesting to generations to come, and so on, presumably.

JOHN: I don't think those things occurred to many members of staff, so the collection of items is somewhat bizarre. But it doesn't really matter. The most exciting thing is the canister itself.

MEL: Oh, what do you mean?

JOHN: It's a new alloy developed here at the Foundation, and the metal has some remarkable properties.

MEL: (bored) Sounds fascinating.

JOHN: The prototype was a little unstable, but I've still got it somewhere if you want to have a look.

MEL: Sometime, yes, but actually, if it's all right with you, I'd rather see your notes on the family history. What time is this ceremony?

JOHN: Oh, quite soon, I think. The Director will give a speech first.

MEL: A speech followed by a burial ceremony in the December snow. Oh, maybe I'll give that a miss and get a start on reading your notes now. Would it be okay for me to pop back to your rooms?

JOHN: Yes, of course. I'll see you there later. Here's the key.

MEL: Thanks.

JOHN: The prototype is in the study, if you're interested.

DAVID [PA]: Ladies and gentlemen. Ladies and gentlemen.

MEL: (sotto) Okay, I'll look at it. I'll just refill my glass and slip away quietly.

JOHN: (sotto) See you later.

DAVID [PA]: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the National Foundation for Scientific Research. I'm delighted that so many of you have been able to join us as we celebrate our centenary. It's marvellous to see so many familiar faces, and so many old friends and colleagues. In our hundred years we've seen changes in location, changes in status, changes in staff, but never a change in our mission nor in our values. The Foundation has always been committed to furthering science in many fields, conducting research on projects of both national and international importance. As an independent organisation we've been committed to an objective viewpoint, which has earned us many friends and some enemies. Today, we embark on the next hundred years of research, and I don't just mean longitudinal studies. Before we go into the grounds to see the burial of our time capsule dedicated to our founder members, let us raise our glasses to the future of rigorous independent scientific research, and the future of the Foundation. To the Foundation.

ALL: To the Foundation.

DAVID [PA]: And now, if you'd like to join me outside for the burial of our time capsule.

RACHEL: I thought it was a ceremony, not a burial.

JOHN: Oh, I hope this won't take too long. I've already been around the freezing grounds once today.

DOCTOR: I see Mel's managed to escape this part of the celebrations.

JOHN: Yes, she's gone back to my study. The family tree stuff.

DAVID: We thought it fitting to celebrate with the burial of a time capsule containing some examples and representations of the Foundation's work. The last item to be included is a vial of rare plant seeds cultivated here at the Foundation in an attempt to avoid those plants imminent extinction. The rest of the contents of the canister will, however, be kept secret for the sake of not spoiling the surprise for generations to come. Now that the capsule is sealed, it only remains to bury it.

JOHN: (sotto) I think future generations will be bewildered, if not a little disappointed, by what they find in there.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Why, what's in it?

JOHN: (sotto) Well, there's a

DAVID: Wait a minute, what's this? There's already something buried here.

RACHEL: Let's just get whatever it is out of the hole and get on with the ceremony. We don't want the press to concentrate on this rather than on the centenary itself.

DAVID: It might take some digging.

RACHEL: The ground staff will deal with it. Good. I'll get it away from here.

DOCTOR: Well, this is a surprising development. And if you don't mind me saying so, much more interesting than the rest of the ceremony promises to be. I think we should see what that mystery object is, don't you, John?

JOHN: An excellent idea. Anything but more speeches. Let's go. (walking on snow) Rachel, I'll take that for you.

RACHEL: Thanks.

JOHN: We'll look after it from here. You go back to the ceremony.

DOCTOR: Remarkable. Why should anything be buried in the grounds?

JOHN: I don't know. Let's get it back to the lab and take a proper look at it.

DOCTOR: The lab? Do you mean your lounge with the fried sausages?

JOHN: No, Doctor. I do have a real lab too. It's directly below my rooms, and I think you'll be impressed with

the tools I have at my disposal.

MEL: Uncle John was right, this place is a state. I'm surprised he can find anything on this desk. Now, let's see. (thud) Oops. That must be his precious prototype canister. It doesn't look that special to me. Useful paperweight, though. Now, where are those paper? Ah, I see. Right. Why is it, Jupiter, that cats always want to sit exactly on the papers that are needed, or on the documents that really shouldn't have paw prints.

JOHN: Here we are.

DOCTOR: Let's get some of this muck off, for a start. It's a wooden chest. Judging by the workmanship and the materials, I'd say it was locally made, probably about 225 to 275 years ago. What's this inscription here?

JOHN: Oh, my eyesight isn't good enough to read that. It looks like a coat of arms.

DOCTOR: Let's get it open and see what clues to its origins there are inside. There's a clasp here.

JOHN: Oh, careful, careful. The hinges are so corroded they may break entirely. Let's take a closer look at the chest itself before we open it.

DOCTOR: But I want to see what's inside it.

JOHN: Patience. There's no hurry. Now, let's see just how old this is. I'll run some tests. Just a sliver of the wood should be enough for me to get a pretty accurate date.

DOCTOR: I think your test will only confirm my original estimate. The mystery lies more in the question of how the chest got there. Who buried it, and why.

JOHN: And what's in it, of course.

DOCTOR: Yes. There must be some way of getting this open.

JOHN: A hacksaw, perhaps?

DOCTOR: Yes. Thank you. Why don't you just get on with those tests while I have a go at the clasp. Can I borrow your scalpel?

(Machine whirrs loudly.)

DOCTOR: Do you have to? This is delicate work, you know.

JOHN: Sorry. This machine is a bit noisy, but it's very

DOCTOR: What?

JOHN: It's very good for fixing accurate dates. It works like an electron microscope with one or two of my own modifications built in, and, linked to the computer, can analysis the most microscopic samples extremely quickly, which, as you can imagine, saves an awful lot of time.

DOCTOR: Quite.

MEL: I wonder if Uncle John knew he'd uncover such a sad story in our family's past, eh, cat? Mmm, what do you think? Now where have you gone, Jupiter? Hey, Jupe, where are you? Oh, it's getting cold in here. Too much sitting still at a desk and not enough moving about. Hello? Who's there?

VOICE: Trapped. Help me.

(Jupiter yowls.)

MEL: Who's that? Where are you? Hey. Hey, what's going on? I can't move.

VOICE: Trapped forever. (echoes)

MEL: Help! Help! Uncle John! Doctor!

JOHN: Did you hear something?

DOCTOR: Only that noisy machine of yours. What do the tests show?

JOHN: Well, the chest is definitely at least 250 years old, as we suspected. Do you know what I think?

DOCTOR: What?

JOHN: That we should get the chest open and see what's inside.

DOCTOR: I'm nearly there. Ah ha! (creak) Success.

JOHN: What's in there?

DOCTOR: Something very peculiar. A metal canister. Look.

JOHN: But, but that's the prototype canister for the Foundation's time capsule.

DOCTOR: What?

JOHN: How did it get in there?

DOCTOR: You mean you recognise it?

JOHN: Of course. I helped to develop the experimental metal it's made from. But there's only one prototype, and that's on the desk in my study.

DOCTOR: Not any more, it's not.

JOHN: Let's see. Melanie, the Doctor and I have found something very odd.

MEL [OC]: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Mel!

JOHN: She's not here.

DOCTOR: No, but she or someone definitely has been.

JOHN: And where on Earth did this old Police Box come from?  
DOCTOR: That's my Tardis.  
JOHN: Your what? And what's that? What are you doing?  
DOCTOR: I'm tracking a kink in Time.  
JOHN: For heaven's sake, Melanie has gone missing and you hide antiques in my study, and play silly buggers with an electronic gadget. Kink in Time? There's a kink in your head!  
DOCTOR: Calm down. Panicking isn't going to help, while my gadget, as you call it, will. Yes, there's evidence of a recent Time disturbance here.  
JOHN: Time disturbance?  
DOCTOR: I'm pretty certain that Mel has been moved in Time. But how? And how is this connected to your canister?  
JOHN: It's gone. It's not on the desk where I left it.  
DOCTOR: Well, of course not. We found it in that chest a few minutes ago.  
JOHN: But that had been buried for 250 years.  
DOCTOR: Yes, but where was the canister in the first place before it got buried? Wherever, or should I say, whenever the canister is, that's where Mel is too.  
JOHN: Oh, this is all a bit too much for me. I think I need to sit down.  
DOCTOR: Oh, here.  
JOHN: Oh, how can Melanie possibly have travelled in Time?  
DOCTOR: I don't know. The Tardis is still here. I'd better check inside.  
(Tardis door opened, the Doctor starts coughing.)  
JOHN: What have you got in there? Is it on fire?  
DOCTOR: Something is very wrong here. There's been some sort of explosion in the control room.  
JOHN: Control room? Explosion? What on Earth's going on? Just who the hell are you, and how do you know Melanie?

## [Part Two]

DOCTOR: It's a long story, I'm afraid.

MEL: Oh, my head. What happened? Uncle John? Oh, the room is spinning. Is that you, Uncle John?  
MCGREGOR: No, Miss, I'm the housekeeper, Mrs McGregor.  
MEL: What? I didn't know there was a housekeeper here.  
MCGREGOR: Can I help you, Miss? I'm not sure you should be wandering about the house unannounced.  
MEL: But I've got an invitation somewhere. Oh, the Doctor must have it.  
MCGREGOR: I think you'd better come with me, Miss. The master has sent out no invitation.  
MEL: The master? Wait a minute, this isn't Uncle John's study. But this is the same room. The window's different. Lead-lined panes and long drapes?  
MCGREGOR: If you will come with me, Miss, I am sure the master would like to talk to you. He usually receives guests in the drawing room, not his private study.  
MEL: Something very strange is going on here.  
MCGREGOR: It'll be stranger still if you cannot explain to the master what you're doing here.  
MEL: Okay. Okay, I'm coming.  
MCGREGOR: This way, Miss.

MEL: The whole house is different.  
MCGREGOR: Different? From what?  
MEL: From how it was earlier today. I must have hit my head harder than I thought. Either I'm dreaming all this or, or. What date is it?  
MCGREGOR: Twelfth of December.  
MEL: No, I mean what year is it?  
MCGREGOR: 1781, as well you know. You won't fool me with this act. I will not have trespassers in the house. Especially not now.  
MEL: 1781. I knew it. I don't know how, but somehow I've travelled back in time, and the master, that must be Henry Hallam.  
MCGREGOR: That is Mister Hallam to you.  
MEL: A short chat with him can't hurt, can it? I'd better make the most of this before the Doctor turns up to rescue me and ruin it.

JOHN: I like to think I have an open mind, Doctor, but all this does sound rather far-fetched. However, I feel I'm also a pretty good judge of character, and I think you're an honest man.  
DOCTOR: Thank you.  
JOHN: So, you detected this kink in Time, and traced it here to this house, and came anyway, even though

you thought it might be dangerous.

DOCTOR: Well, I had no idea what was causing it. It could have been anything.

JOHN: And presumably Melanie was aware of the potential danger too, so that she could take whatever precautions you time travellers take.

DOCTOR: Ah. I regret to say that I neglected to tell Mel about the Time kink. Well, I didn't want to spoil her trip to see her uncle.

JOHN: And so instead you let her wander into goodness only knows what danger.

DOCTOR: Hardly. I'd have thought she'd have been pretty safe here in your study. Unless...

JOHN: Unless what?

DOCTOR: You said that prototype canister was experimental. Is it something to do with the project the Foundation's working on for the Space Agency?

JOHN: How do you know about that?

DOCTOR: I mingled at the reception. I have exceptionally acute hearing. So the canister is connected to the Space Agency project. But I thought the metal was stable.

JOHN: It is now, but the prototype was rather different. We should never have experimented with the alloy like this. We should have kept within the scope of the project.

DOCTOR: Are you saying the prototype canister is unstable? How?

JOHN: It's a new element supplied by the Space Agency. Don't ask me the details, it's all top secret and not my field. Something to do with particle acceleration and unstable chrono-atoms.

DOCTOR: And the canister was here next to the Tardis. Things are beginning to make sense.

JOHN: Not to me they're not.

DOCTOR: Somehow, proximity to the Tardis has increased the instability of the canister and thrown the nearest person, Mel, through Time! Not a pleasant way to travel.

JOHN: Is that what caused the explosion? I hope to goodness Melanie's all right.

DOCTOR: So do I. I'd better check the source of that smoke.

JOHN: Oh, my God. What is this?

DOCTOR: Briefly, it's my time machine.

JOHN: But I don't under

DOCTOR: Ah, the telepathic circuits have shorted out. The Tardis must have reached out to Mel.

JOHN: Telepathic time machine? Oh dear, I think I feel a headache coming on.

DOCTOR: I think the Tardis detected the chrono-capabilities of the canister and tried to warn Mel. Instead, the instability increased so Mel was flung to whatever time she was thinking about.

JOHN: I'm finding this increasingly difficult to grasp. Do you mean we've somehow to work out what Mel was thinking of at the moment of the explosion?

DOCTOR: Precisely! Well, if we can't, our chances of finding her are very slim. What did you say she was doing in your study?

JOHN: She was looking through my notes on... Ah, of course. Our family history. If she was thinking about that, she must be somewhere in the last 400 years.

DOCTOR: Why the last 400?

JOHN: Because that's as far back as I've been able to research.

DOCTOR: It's a start. Now, did Mel give you any clue as to which particular period of your history interested her? What about that ghost you mentioned earlier?

JOHN: Yes, the ghost of Eleanor Hallam. The papers are on my desk.

DOCTOR: Let's take a look.

JOHN: Careful. Mind the cat.

DOCTOR: Oh, sorry, Jupiter. He's fine. Now then, where are the right papers? This desk is chaotic.

JOHN: Order comes from chaos, you know.

DOCTOR: And the papers are covered in paw prints. Ah, but the ones relating to Henry Hallam are on top. I think we're getting somewhere. Now what do we know about this Eleanor woman?

JOHN: It's rather a sad story. She was born in about 1760 and died here at the house, oh, probably in 1811. There's certainly no mention of her after that.

DOCTOR: About 1760 and probably 1811 are no good. Are there any dates of which we're sure?

JOHN: There's the date that she arrived at Hallam's house. Hallam Hall as it was then. It's here somewhere. Henry Hallam made a note of it in his journal. Ah yes, here it is. 12<sup>th</sup> December 1781. 12<sup>th</sup> December. That's today.

DOCTOR: That sounds like as good a time as any to start looking. Has to be more than a coincidence. I'll have to go there and find Mel.

JOHN: In your time machine, your Tardis?

DOCTOR: Yes. But before I go I need to know as much as possible about the history as you know it, so I don't make any mistakes.

JOHN: What do you mean?



DOCTOR: I must be very careful not to change anything in 1781 that might have later consequences.

JOHN: I'm sorry, Doctor, I've already told you pretty much all that is known about Eleanor. Look.

DOCTOR: What's this here? This extract says Miss Hallam was confined to the house?

JOHN: Oh, that's from one of the less reputable sources. Probably just sniping at the well-to-do.

DOCTOR: Possibly, but look here. Henry Hallam's journal. All the pages relating to 1782 have been ripped out.

JOHN: Yes, I've often wondered why he did that.

DOCTOR: To hide a secret, to protect himself or someone else?

JOHN: You're starting to worry me.

DOCTOR: Not half as much as I'm worrying myself. What has Henry Hallam been hiding all these years?

JOHN: But whatever Henry was hiding, Mel will be safe, won't she?

DOCTOR: I hope so, but I don't think it would do to let the trail go cold. The residual trace is becoming very feeble.

JOHN: Much as it challenges my credulity, you have a time machine, so it should be no problem to pick Melanie up now we know where, sorry, I mean when to start looking.

DOCTOR: Yes, but I'm worried about why Mel put the canister in that wooden chest and then didn't ever get it back. It remained buried in the grounds for nearly two and a half centuries, remember.

JOHN: You mean, Melanie may never come back?

DOCTOR: Let's just say the sooner I get after her, the better. Where are you going?

JOHN: With you, of course. I am familiar with the period, after all. And it is my niece we're looking for.

DOCTOR: All right, but... John, what are you doing now?

JOHN: I can't leave Jupiter. If we are gone for a few days, no one will feed him. Do you have a kitchen in there? I mean, I could get some tins.

DOCTOR: Much as I adore our feline friends, not this time. Jupiter will have to stay here. We'll be back before tea time.

JOHN: Are you sure?

DOCTOR: Yes.

JOHN: Oh well, all right. Off you go, Jupiter.

(Tardis door closes, the Tardis dematerialises.)

MCGREGOR: Wait here.

(Knocks on door.)

HALLAM [OC]: Come.

(Door opens.)

MCGREGOR: Excuse me, sir, but I found this young lady wandering round the house.

HALLAM: I'm not expecting anyone, McGregor. Who is it?

MCGREGOR: A stranger, sir. I have never seen her before.

HALLAM: A stranger? Well, you'd better show her in. I shall find out who she is and what she wants.

MEL: Good afternoon, Mister Hallam.

HALLAM: So, you know who I am, but I do not know you.

MEL: I'm just a friend of the family.

HALLAM: Indeed. Thank you, McGregor. I shall deal with this.

MCGREGOR: Thank you, sir. (leaves)

HALLAM: So, young lady, what brings you to Hallam Hall.

MEL: I was just visiting the area and thought I'd pop in to say hello.

HALLAM: Pop in? Very curious. You say you're a friend of the family, yet I'm sure that I've never met you.

MEL: I'm a friend of your wife's.

HALLAM: Ah, that would explain your dress. You are, as I am, still in mourning.

MEL: Oh, er, yes.

HALLAM: I did not take time to meet Jane's friends when she was still with me. Are you another from her sewing circle?

MEL: Yes, that's right. The sewing circle.

HALLAM: Oh please, sit down, Miss er?

MEL: Miss. Oh, that's odd. I can't quite seem to remember my name. It's on the tip of my tongue. I'm sorry, I think I hit my head earlier.

HALLAM: You do look rather pale all of a sudden. Some brandy will help.

MEL: Thank you. I'll be all right in a minute. My head just feels a bit muzzy.

(Knock on door.)

HALLAM: Come.

MCGREGOR: Excuse me, sir. May I prepare the room for evening? And cook asks if your guest will be staying for afternoon tea.

HALLAM: Oh yes, stoke the fire but leave the drapes for now. It's not quite dark enough to light lamps yet.

And tell cook that our guest will be staying. We shall take tea here in the drawing room as soon as possible.

The young lady is not feeling well.

MCGREGOR: Yes, sir.

MEL: Thank you, but I really don't think I should stay long.

HALLAM: Oh, but I insist. I have so few visitors. It is good to have some company, especially a friend of my late wife's. I'll have my coachman drive you home if you're delayed.

MEL: But I don't have a home here.

HALLAM: I beg your pardon, Miss?

MEL: I mean... Oh, I wish my head would clear. I feel so dizzy. I was fine a moment ago. Oh. Oh.

HALLAM: Take care. My, you do seem unsteady. Please, sit down again until you retain your balance.

MEL: Well, perhaps just for a minute. Thank you.

HALLAM: McGregor, see the tea is prepared straight away.

MCGREGOR: Yes, sir.

HALLAM: I must admit to being quite concerned for your health, young lady.

MEL: No, really, I feel fine. I'm just a bit wobbly and dizzy.

HALLAM: The colour is returning to your cheeks.

MEL: That could just be the brandy.

MCGREGOR: Daisy. Daisy. Oh, Daisy, there's some strange girl upstairs with the master. I found her wandering about in the house. Is that kettle nearly boiled?

DAISY: Yes, Mrs McGregor.

MCGREGOR: Then make some tea with it quickly. I do not want to leave the master on his own with that girl for too long. She could be anybody. She could mean to rob him.

DAISY: Oh, Mrs McGregor, is that what she was doing when you found her, looking for something to steal? How wicked.

MCGREGOR: Oh, there are plenty of wicked people in the world, but I shall not see any harm come to the master, especially now when he's so vulnerable.

DAISY: The tea's ready, Mrs McGregor.

MCGREGOR: Thank you. I shall go straight back up. You check the silver in the dining room. Make sure nothing is missing.

DAISY: Yes, Mrs McGregor.

HALLAM: Maybe, as you feel recovered, you will be able to remember your name. Perhaps if we talk about other things it'll come back to you.

MEL: Yes, all right. But I really don't think I should be here at all.

HALLAM: Tea will be here shortly. That'll revive you further, and then you may be on your way, as you request. It would be most uncharitable of me to let you walk alone in the December air while feeling so fragile. You are not required urgently elsewhere, I hope?

MEL: I don't think so. I'm sure, as you said, things will come back to me as we talk. This is a beautiful house.

HALLAM: Indeed it is. It was designed and built by my grandfather.

MEL: Charles Hallam. How did I know that?

HALLAM: You may have seen his portrait. It hangs in the hallway.

MEL: Yes, maybe.

(Knock on door.)

HALLAM: Come.

(Door opens and closes.)

HALLAM: Ah, McGregor. Please set the tray down here. Thank you for providing tea so promptly.

MCGREGOR: My pleasure, sir. Thank you, sir.

HALLAM: Now, young lady, let us see if some tea will help you feel stronger. McGregor has done me proud as usual. Fruit cake and bread and butter. Oh, you must forgive me if my hosting is unpractised. I'm afraid that I'm not much used to entertaining.

MEL: No, it must be difficult on your own.

HALLAM: My darling Jane. Hard to believe almost three months have passed.

MEL: I didn't hear how she died.

HALLAM: She had a bad accident while riding. She was brought home but never regained her senses, and passed away in her sleep.

MEL: I'm sorry. I didn't know the details. You loved her very much, didn't you?

HALLAM: I still do. And I miss her, of course. Our one regret was that we were never blessed with any children.

MEL: And it broke your heart, and made Jane so unhappy that she could sorely bear to spend time with those of your friends who had been lucky enough to have children.

HALLAM: What did you say?

MEL: It just popped into my head. I think I remember reading it somewhere.

HALLAM: The only place where I have written such an intimate account is in my journal, and that is kept

under lock and key in my study. I think you had better make an more thorough attempt at explaining yourself, young lady, beginning with your name. Just who are you, and what are you doing in my house?

MEL: I'm sorry, my mind is full of such a jumble of thoughts. I know I must appear strange not to know my own name, but I really can't remember it, and all I can remember is arriving here and banging my head.

HALLAM: If you cannot remember who you are, can you remember where you live? My coachman can drive you home.

MEL: No, I can't remember. What's happening to me?

HALLAM: Let us hope that you regain your memory soon. I cannot turn you out into the night in such weather as this if you do not know even who you are, let alone where you live.

DOCTOR: We need a short regression in time with no spatial movement. Coordinates set for 12<sup>th</sup> December 1781. I hope Mel has stayed in the house.

JOHN: Why do you say that?

DOCTOR: Because travelling the way she did is not ideal. There could be all sorts of side effects such as disorientation and confusion.

JOHN: What's that, some sort of alarm?

DOCTOR: The canister must be causing a disturbance in the local Vortex. Navigating this is going to be tricky. Ah, oh. Hold on! This is going to be rough.

HALLAM: Please, calm yourself.

MEL: I feel like I'm losing my mind. My head is spinning and it's so hard to concentrate on anything.

HALLAM: This is most perplexing. Perhaps I should call for a doctor.

MEL: No, not a doctor. I, I just need to sit quietly for a moment. I'm sure this will pass.

(Knock on door.)

HALLAM: Come.

(Door opens.)

MCGREGOR: You rang, sir?

HALLAM: Thank you, McGregor. I think we should call for Doctor Wallace. Perhaps you would send the boy to the village.

MEL: I don't need a doctor, honestly. I. Wait. I remember something about a doctor. Oh, it's just out of reach.

MCGREGOR: Perhaps I should make up a bed for the young lady, sir.

HALLAM: Yes, that is a very good idea, McGregor. It will be no trouble for her to stay the night. The room near the study will be the best, I think.

MEL: The study. That's it. I was in the study. I remember now. I was in the study, reading, and there was a flash, like an explosion, and then I was here.

HALLAM: McGregor? What do you know about this?

MCGREGOR: I just found the young lady in the study, sir. She seemed confused, and spoke about a doctor coming to rescue her.

MEL: I'd better get to the study. If he does come for me, that's where he'll be. Excuse me!

MCGREGOR: Oh, well I never. I never saw a lady in such a hurry.

HALLAM: And she's not very steady on her feet. Take care. We had better follow her.

MEL: The study. I must get to the study. Oh! Oh!

HALLAM: Good heavens. Is she all right?

MCGREGOR: She's still breathing, sir. I'll send for Doctor Wallace straight away.

HALLAM: Yes, yes, she is still breathing, but she seems very dazed. Can you hear me, Miss?

MEL: Doctor?

HALLAM: I pray that you will be all right. She seems unconscious now, McGregor. Maybe this is for the best. Sleep may clear your troubled mind. If only I knew who you were, I could contact your family.

MCGREGOR: Excuse me, sir. I brought a cold compress for the young lady's head.

HALLAM: Good thinking, McGregor. I will carry her through to the drawing room. She can lie down on the settee until Wallace arrives. Ah, she is as light as a feather. Poor child.

(Mel moans.)

HALLAM: Some more brandy may revive her.

MCGREGOR: I have the smelling salts, sir. I thought that

HALLAM: Yes, carry on, McGregor.

(Mel gasps and coughs.)

MCGREGOR: Seems to be working, sir. Can you hear me, Miss? Are you hurt?

MEL: Oh, where am I?

HALLAM: Just rest now. You will soon feel better.

MCGREGOR: Oh, she's such a fragile child, sir. She reminds me...

HALLAM: Yes, she reminds me of my wife too. Thank you, McGregor. Show Doctor Wallace in as soon as he

arrives.

MCGREGOR: Yes, sir. I'll go and wait for him in the hall.

(The Tardis materialises.)

JOHN: Are we there?

DOCTOR: Yes, I think so. How do you feel?

JOHN: As if I've just spent ten minutes in a tumble drier.

DOCTOR: At least we're in one piece. Let's take a look outside.

(Scanner on.)

JOHN: That's the Foundation.

DOCTOR: It's the right house, anyway. We seem to have materialised in the grounds, which is no bad thing. Let's go. When we get to the house, just follow my lead.

JOHN: Right.

MEL: Doctor?

HALLAM: The doctor will be here soon.

MEL: I feel so tired, and my head is in such a spin.

HALLAM: Here, take some more brandy.

MEL: (coughs) I must get to the study.

HALLAM: Why does she want to go to my study? What rendezvous could she possibly have there? Nothing about her makes sense, and I do not even know her name.

MEL: (drowsy) Mel.

HALLAM: I can barely hear you. Did you say Nell?

(Door opens and closes.)

WALLACE: Forgive me for bypassing formality, Henry, but the lad told me there was an emergency. I came as quickly as I could.

HALLAM: Thank you, Michael. Indeed it is an emergency.

WALLACE: Is this the patient?

HALLAM: Yes. She took quite a fall down the main stair and I think she hit her head, too. She seems by turns panic-stricken and half-asleep, and talks with very strange words.

WALLACE: Yes, a blow to the head can have some very disturbing and unusual effects. What is the young woman's name?

HALLAM: I have been unable to ascertain that. It may be Nell or Nellie, but she seemed very confused.

WALLACE: But I thought she was a guest here.

HALLAM: She is a visitor, but could not remember her name or her business here.

WALLACE: What? Are you sure, Henry, she is not simply taking advantage of your good nature, and by the look of remains of tea, your hospitality too?

HALLAM: Let us not concern ourselves with that now. Whoever she is and whatever her business, she is not well.

WALLACE: All right, Henry. We can discuss this later, once I have done what I can for your visitor. Now then, Miss. I am Doctor Wallace. Let me take a look at that cut on your head.

MEL: You're not the Doctor.

WALLACE: Well, I may not be your usual physician, but I am a doctor.

MEL: No, wrong coat.

WALLACE: I see what you mean, Henry. I think she's suffering from concussion. Time will heal that.

MEL: Time. I've come back in Time. Oh, please help me.

WALLACE: She does seem distraught, but talks in gibberish. What kind of trouble is she in, I wonder?

HALLAM: I do not know. She was talking strangely even before she fell.

MEL: Please help. I must get to the study.

HALLAM: She seems so keen on getting to the study. I think she believes that she must meet someone there. She was on her way there when she fell.

WALLACE: Well, we shall humour her and go there. Help me with her. She is very weak.

MEL: I must get back. Thank you. Thank you.

WALLACE: You need worry no more, Miss. We shall soon be at Henry's study.

WALLACE: Here we are.

MEL: He's not here.

WALLACE: Who were you expecting?

MEL: I shall never get home. I'm trapped here. I'm trapped in the past with no one to turn to.

HALLAM: Please do not worry, Miss. You may stay here as long as you wish.

WALLACE: Surely you're not thinking of letting her stay here at the Hall?

HALLAM: I am certain that she means no harm. She is ill and disorientated. When she better she can return to her family.

MEL: But I don't have a family here. I don't belong in 1781.

HALLAM: Everything will be all right. You may feel recovered tomorrow, Nell.

MEL: No, this can't be happening. I want to go home.

**[Part Three]**

MEL: What am I going to do now?

HALLAM: I admit, Miss Nell, that I do not understand why you are so distraught, but you are, as I said, welcome to stay here at Hallam Hall until you are recovered.

MEL: But I...

HALLAM: Let us return to the drawing room. McGregor will show you to your room as soon as it is ready.

WALLACE: Henry, you have no idea who this woman is. She barely has an idea herself. She's clearly disturbed.

HALLAM: What better reason then to help her. Nell, take my arm. I shall help you down the stairs.

MEL: No, I want to stay here in case the Doctor comes.

HALLAM: But Nell.

MEL: That's not my name. Is it?

HALLAM: Come, you'll be more comfortable in the drawing room.

MEL: No, I don't want to go.

WALLACE: Help me with her, Henry.

HALLAM: We only want to help.

MEL: Let me go!

WALLACE: I shall have to sedate her. It's the only way. Hold her still.

HALLAM: What are you doing, Michael?

WALLACE: It's ether. It's all right, Nell. This will not harm you.

MEL: No! No, no! (passes out)

WALLACE: I have never seen a case like it.

HALLAM: Nor I, though I cannot help but feel responsible for her while she is under my roof.

WALLACE: As you like, Henry. While I urge caution with taking on any burden at this time so close to Jane's passing, I recognise the vulnerability and fragility of this young girl, and your compassion does you credit.

HALLAM: Thank you.

WALLACE: Come on, then. Help me lift her. McGregor may have that room ready by now.

(Birds singing.)

DOCTOR: Something feels wrong. I can't put my finger on it.

JOHN: All I can feel is a sense of panic.

DOCTOR: Don't worry. You're quite safe with me.

JOHN: I'm not worried for myself, Doctor. I'm worried for Melanie.

DOCTOR: She can look after herself for a few minutes. I'm sure she'll be fine.

JOHN: Oh, if you say so. Now then, what's our plan? What's our cover story?

DOCTOR: Plan? Cover story? I usually make those up as I go along. You'll get the hang of it. If we get the chance to split up, take it. We may have more chance of finding Mel that way. Come on.

HALLAM: I cannot remember when we last had such hot weather in the month of June. Can you, Michael?

WALLACE: No. It is indeed uncommonly warm. I'm hoping the good weather will help our patient perk up a little.

HALLAM: Thank you again for coming to check on Nell so often. I am truly grateful.

WALLACE: It is no trouble. I wish there was more I could do for her, but the condition seems irreversible.

HALLAM: Although sometimes when she's calmer, we are able to spend a pleasant afternoon together. She tends a small garden on the roof terrace near her room, and I think she gains some comfort from that.

WALLACE: Your enquiries about her family have still not found anything?

HALLAM: No. No one in the village knows of her. I sent messengers with likenesses to other villages, but it seems no one knows the poor girl.

WALLACE: Or perhaps no one wants to know her.

HALLAM: What do you mean?

WALLACE: Come on, Henry. The woman has clearly lost her mind. She only makes any sense at all because we give her so much laudanum to keep her calm. Anyone else would have had her committed to an asylum long ago.

HALLAM: But I am not anyone else.

WALLACE: Oh, I know that, Henry. Your compassionate nature is well known. But that is precisely my point.

HALLAM: You think that someone left Nell deliberately, knowing her to be ill, and knowing that I would look to her needs?

WALLACE: It is a possibility.

HALLAM: What a convoluted mind you have.

WALLACE: How else do you explain her sudden arrival here at the house?

HALLAM: I cannot. But after much thought I have come to the conclusion that she must have come to pay her respects to Jane. Although this has been revealed over some time, Nell certainly knows enough about my family that I believe she must have been a good friend of my late wife.

WALLACE: I suppose your theory makes no less sense than mine.

HALLAM: I must say that it has been nothing sort of a Godsend to have Nell here. Caring for her has helped me to bear the loss of Jane, somehow.

WALLACE: Yes, I can see that.

HALLAM: And while I lost Jane, there is a chance, no matter how small, that Nell may one day recover.

WALLACE: Well, I am not so sure. I have done all I can for her, yet I have seen little or no improvement in the last six months. I know caring for her means a lot to you, but I urge you again to consider the Asylum.

HALLAM: No!

WALLACE: She will be very well looked after. I would make sure of that.

HALLAM: Absolutely not.

WALLACE: Look, Henry, I count myself as your good friend, and it pains me to tell you unpalatable truths and force you to make difficult decisions.

HALLAM: It's not difficult. I shall never commit Nell to an asylum while I have room for her in my household.

WALLACE: But people are talking. They say she is deceiving you, that you are a fool to lavish your time and money on her.

HALLAM: Let them say what they like. I have come to care very deeply for Nell. In her lucid and calm moments she has shown herself to be a charming and gentle woman. I shall not have her cared for by strangers.

WALLACE: But it has been six months now. How long are you prepared to go on like this?

HALLAM: For as long as is necessary. Now, shall we see Nell, so that you may make your check on her?

WALLACE: You are a stubborn man, Henry, but a good hearted one. Lead the way.

(Door bell.)

HALLAM: Who can that be?

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Good afternoon. The Doctor to see the master of the house.

(Door closes.)

MCGREGOR: May I take your coat, sir?

DOCTOR: Thank you.

MCGREGOR: May I ask if the master is expecting you, sir?

DOCTOR: I have come on an important matter, but he is not expecting me, no.

MCGREGOR: Well, if you would follow me please, sir.

(Knock on door.)

HALLAM: Come.

(Door opens.)

MCGREGOR: The Doctor to see you, sir.

HALLAM: Thank you, McGregor. That will be all.

DOCTOR: Oh, John, go with McGregor, will you? I don't want you under my feet all the time.

JOHN: Eh? Oh. Oh, yes, yes, Doctor.

(Door closes.)

HALLAM: So, Doctor, how may I help you?

DOCTOR: I am looking for my ward, Miss Bush, who I believe may have passed this way and may even have come into the house earlier today.

HALLAM: Oh, I have had no other visitors today. Only yourself and Doctor Wallace here.

WALLACE: Good afternoon.

HALLAM: What makes you think that Miss Bush came to Hallam Hall?

DOCTOR: We were making a long journey and stopped in the village to stretch our legs. We were to rendezvous at our carriage, but Miss Bush did not appear. My valet John and I have been looking for her for some time.

HALLAM: That is very worrying. A young girl wandering alone and lost...

WALLACE: Is she the type of girl to wander on her own?

DOCTOR: I'm rather afraid that she is.

WALLACE: Hmm. Is she quite well?

DOCTOR: Ah. You are a doctor of medicine?

WALLACE: Indeed.

HALLAM: Doctor Wallace is here visiting a patient.

WALLACE: And you, sir, are a doctor of

DOCTOR: Many things.

WALLACE: Oh. And do these many things include medicine?

DOCTOR: Er, yes, last time I looked.

HALLAM: It seems we cannot help you, Doctor. You must be anxious to be on your way and find your ward.

WALLACE: But if you have time before you continue on your way, perhaps you can help us.

DOCTOR: Help you? How?

WALLACE: It may be a good idea to seek a second opinion on our patient's condition, Henry. What do you say?

HALLAM: I am not sure. With respect, Doctor, we hardly know you. You say you are a doctor of medicine, but are you acquainted with maladies of the mind?

DOCTOR: Brain and mind disorders are my speciality. Mania, schizophrenia, hysteria, delusions, neuroses, dementia. All these I see with regularity in my work.

HALLAM: Michael?

WALLACE: I am unfamiliar with some of these terms. Where did you study?

DOCTOR: Gallifrey. A very specialised university in Ireland.

WALLACE: I have not heard of it. But you seem at least to know the common conditions. It can do no harm for you to see my patient, as long as I am also in attendance.

HALLAM: Very well. Doctor, we have in our care a young woman who is most alarmingly distressed.

WALLACE: She has delusions and mania, which we treat with laudanum. Occasionally she becomes calm without the aid of the sedative, and then she is sad and remote.

HALLAM: We cannot find a cause for her ailment, but it worries us, and we should like to see her cured.

WALLACE: From a professional standpoint, I have never seen a case quite like it, and Henry here is a good friend in need.

DOCTOR: Is this lady your wife, Mister Hallam?

HALLAM: No, not yet. That is, I do care for her very much, but I do not think that it will ever be possible for us to marry. She is too much distracted.

DOCTOR: (sotto) The mysterious Eleanor Hallam, perhaps. (normal) I shall happily attend your patient and give you my view. Then I should be on my way.

HALLAM: I quite understand, Doctor. We were just going to check on her when you arrived. This way please.

MCGREGOR: Would you like some tea, Mister John?

JOHN: Oh yes, yes please.

MCGREGOR: Right, take a seat. I run a strict household, but I always have time for guests, and guests should always have tea, don't you think, Mister John?

JOHN: Oh yes. So you're the housekeeper here.

MCGREGOR: Fourteen years I've been in the master's service, and I shall be for another fourteen, God willing.

JOHN: Happy here?

MCGREGOR: Oh yes. But it is true that things have been a bit difficult since the mistress died, and with the arrival of Miss Eleanor.

JOHN: Miss Eleanor? Is that your master's new wife?

MCGREGOR: Oh, mercy me, no. Miss Eleanor is very sick, and the master is caring for her until she recovers. He is a very good man.

JOHN: You're very fond of Mister Hallam.

MCGREGOR: Oh, I have looked after him these last fourteen years, but we were much closer after his wife Jane died about nine months ago. I know how it feels, you see. I lost my husband five years ago.

JOHN: Oh, I'm sorry.

MCGREGOR: Yes, the master and I seemed so close. More than many thought appropriate, and they may have been right. And then Eleanor arrived. We all want her to recover, but it seems there's little to be done.

JOHN: Why do you say that?

MCGREGOR: Doctor Wallace has been treating her for six months, but I fear his medicine cannot help her.

JOHN: What do you mean?

MCGREGOR: She's no better now than she was when she arrived in December last year. Some say she is possessed, but that is plainly not true. Certainly she has lost her mind, poor soul.

JOHN: Wait a minute. You said that this woman arrived here six months ago. Do you mean to say that now it's June 1782?

MCGREGOR: Why yes, of course. What a strange question to ask.

JOHN: Ah, yes, the Doctor and I have been out of the country for a while. I'd lost track of the time here at home. Tell me more about Miss Eleanor. Where did she come from?

MCGREGOR: I wish I knew, then I could take her back there to be cared for by her own, and to be away from the master.

JOHN: So she's not part of the Hallam family? Where is her own family?

MCGREGOR: What family? Whatever family she has would have sought her and found her by now if they'd

wanted to. No, I think we at Hallam Hall are all that Eleanor has now.

JOHN: This is all very worrying. I think I'd better speak to the Doctor. It's important that he knows that it's 1782.

MCGREGOR: Oh, surely that can wait until you've drunk your tea. Tell me about your travels abroad. I have never been, although I hope one day the master may think of travelling again, and hopefully he will take me with him.

DOCTOR: You keep the woman locked in this room?

WALLACE: For her own safety, Doctor. She becomes confused if she leaves the room. And as you can see, she has access to the terrace here so is not confined and has plenty of fresh air.

HALLAM: How are you feeling today, Nell? Doctor Wallace is here to see you.

WALLACE: Hello, Eleanor.

HALLAM: And we have another doctor to see you today, too.

MEL: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Good grief! I mean, good afternoon, Eleanor.

MEL: Help me, Doctor. I'm trapped here.

HALLAM: Be calm, dear Nell. You are not trapped here. See, I shall open the doors onto the terrace.

WALLACE: Here, drink this.

DOCTOR: What's that, laudanum?

WALLACE: Yes, it keeps her calm.

MEL: No! I don't want it! Tell them, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Why not see how the patient responds to withdrawal of the laudanum?

WALLACE: We have tried that many times, Doctor, but there is no positive long term effect. Drink the draught, Eleanor.

DOCTOR: Just take a sip.

MEL: I thought you'd come for me. I thought you would rescue me.

HALLAM: There, there, Nell. You have no need of rescue. You are safe here. No one will hurt you. Now drink some more of the medicine and you will feel much better.

MEL: I believed in you, Doctor. I thought you would take me back to 2003.

HALLAM: It is not possible to travel through Time, Nell. You have agreed with me in the past on this.

MEL: In the past. Yes, that's where we are now.

WALLACE: Yes, yes, dear. You are quite right. Henry, Doctor, could I have a word? I cannot understand this sudden regression, Henry. Nell seemed so much calmer the last time I saw her.

HALLAM: Yes, I thought we'd heard the last of her tortured dreams, but it seems she is still troubled.

WALLACE: What is your view, Doctor?

DOCTOR: It is indeed an unusual case. I do have a treatment I could try, but I would need to be alone with the patient.

HALLAM: I am not too happy about leaving Nell alone with a stranger. Michael?

WALLACE: She seems quite calm now. I have done all I can, Henry, and Nell is, if anything, worse now than she was at my last visit in May. Perhaps you should try the Doctor's treatment. If it does not work, I fear you may have to give the asylum some further serious consideration.

HALLAM: Anything but the asylum. It would break my heart to have Nell committed. I am tormented already by confining her to her room.

WALLACE: I know it is difficult for you to be objective about this, as you feel an emotional connection.

HALLAM: That is true. And it is very difficult to see her so ill, with little sign of recovery.

WALLACE: As a doctor, however, I can see things a little more objectively. Nell's illness is clear and virtually untreatable, and I see the effect on you, my friend, too.

DOCTOR: It must be wearing for you to live with hope that is so easily dashed. Perhaps my treatment will be successful.

HALLAM: Yes, perhaps you are right. Doctor, please, carry on with your treatment. We shall wait for you in the drawing room.

WALLACE: Good luck, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Oh, Mel, what have they put you through? Six months of sitting in the dark drinking water laced with laudanum. That can go for a start. Mel, wake up! Mel!

MEL: Why are you calling me that? My name is Eleanor.

DOCTOR: No, you are Melanie Bush, and you belong in the twenty first century. Don't you remember me?

MEL: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes. Mel, concentrate. You can remember who you are. Try hard to think.

MEL: Doctor, I'm trapped here.

DOCTOR: Not any more, you're not. Drink this. It will clear your head gradually.

MEL: Thank you. I feel so sleepy and light-headed.



DOCTOR: If only the console hadn't been damaged, I could have got here sooner and saved you all this treatment for an illness you don't have.

MEL: Doctor, it is you, isn't it? I'm not dreaming, am I? I've dreamed so many times of getting home.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Mel. I came as quickly as I could. The canister's time technology interfered with the Tardis' systems.

MEL: I can't remember anything. I don't know what happened. Sometimes it's difficult to tell what is real, what I've dreamed of, and what I've imagined.

DOCTOR: I'm not surprised, given the doses of laudanum you've been taking. Here, take one of these pills with your water.

MEL: What is it?

DOCTOR: It's something I picked up on Zanthus Four. A remarkable cure for hangovers and similar maladies. It might help you clear your head more quickly.

MEL: I hope so. I feel as if my head has been full of cotton wool for what seems like forever. Where are you going?

DOCTOR: Don't worry, I'll soon be back. I have to find that canister and put it out of harm's way.

MEL: Canister? What are you talking about? Why can't we just go home?

DOCTOR: The canister is a dangerously unstable experimental metal, a prototype for an alloy being used in the space programme. According to my readings, it's somewhere nearby.

MEL: Doctor, what's going on? Where are we and how did we get here?

DOCTOR: There's no time to explain now, Mel, but you're safe and I'll take you home soon. But there are one or two things we need to sort out before we can return to 2003. I'll be as quick as I can. You try to rest, and remember as much as you can about your family history. We may need the knowledge later.

MEL: You are coming back, aren't you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes, of course. All you have to do is wait here for me.

MEL: I'm so confused. Please stay with me.

DOCTOR: I can't right now, Mel. I'll explain everything later. I'll have to lock the door to keep up the act. Just sit tight and keep calm.

(Door opens, closes, locked.)

MEL [OC]: Don't leave me.

HALLAN: Are you sure it is a good idea to allow this Doctor to see Nell?

WALLACE: We have nothing to lose.

HALLAM: We should perhaps have asked to have further proof of his credentials. Is our haste to have a second opinion a measure of our desperation?

WALLACE: Or a measure of your affection for Eleanor, perhaps.

HALLAM: Yes, perhaps. She is so beautiful, and so much like my darling Jane. If only she were well.

WALLACE: You know how I feel on this matter. Nothing would make me happier than to see you happy with a second wife, old friend, but this fixation with a sick woman is, in my view, unhealthy.

(Knock on door.)

HALLAM: That will be the Doctor. We shall see what he has to say. Come!

(Door opens.)

WALLACE: So, Doctor, what do you make of our patient?

DOCTOR: She seems to me to be physically well, although rather thin.

HALLAM: It is true that her appetite has never been hearty.

DOCTOR: Well, that's hardly surprising, is it? Especially considering the treatment to which you have subjected her for six months.

WALLACE: I take it that you do not approve of my treatment of Eleanor.

DOCTOR: I feel that the laudanum was a big mistake.

WALLACE: I should like to know, sir, what other treatment could be recommended for the woman's condition, other than admission to an asylum.

HALLAM: Which I forbid.

DOCTOR: Well, you could have tried talking to her, for a start. Had that occurred to you?

WALLACE: You speak to us as if we were fools. Of course we talked to her, but she could reply only in gibberish and then became violent.

HALLAM: There was nothing else we could do but take the course of action we have done.

DOCTOR: But had you considered the possibility that Eleanor's gibberish was actually the truth?

HALLAM: How could we? She spoke of times and places that were pure fiction, or the products of some wild imaginings. Some of it was terrible to hear from the mouth of such a gentle woman.

DOCTOR: But even if you could not credit her words as recognisable truth, they were certainly the truth for her.

WALLACE: I cannot understand why you are pursuing this line of reasoning, Doctor. Whether or not the patient believes in her fantasy world is irrelevant.

DOCTOR: I simply feel that listening, attempting to understand, and helping her to reconcile your reality with

hers, might have been more productive than pickling her in laudanum.

WALLACE: What school of medicine is this? Frankly sir, I begin to doubt that you have any medical training at all.

HALLAM: Perhaps it was a mistake to allow you to see Nell.

DOCTOR: But I'm glad that you did, because I know I can cure her of her illness.

WALLACE: I doubt that.

HALLAM: A cure? Are you certain? If there is any chance that Nell will be cured then I am prepared to take it.

WALLACE: I have worked for six months to stabilise Nell's tormented mind, yet you would pin your hopes on this charlatan?

DOCTOR: Charlatan? I'll have you know, sir, that I'm an expert in these matters.

HALLAM: Please understand, Michael. I am very grateful for all the attention you have given Nell, but I am so desperate to see her well again.

DOCTOR: That's very compassionate of you, Mister Hallam.

WALLACE: Pah! He only wants her well enough so he can bed her.

DOCTOR: What?

HALLAM: I would make Nell my bride, yes, if she were well.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure that is what Eleanor wants, or indeed that she's even aware of your interest.

HALLAM: What does it matter if she does not want it? She will grow to love me. I will have saved her, after all.

WALLACE: I have treated this poor woman in good faith, Henry, and have kept my counsel as much as I could about your feelings for her, but now that your intention is openly declared I feel bound to speak.

HALLAM: Please do, but whatever you say will not alter my intent.

WALLACE: The feelings you have for Eleanor are nothing more than lust, and are not only improper, but are bordering dangerously on the deranged. You are motivated purely by self-interest.

HALLAM: Thank you, but it is your medical opinion of Nell only that I value. Now, Doctor, you said that you have a cure?

DOCTOR: Yes, I have. And the sooner it is effected, the better. The first thing we must do is remove Eleanor from Hallam Hall.

WALLACE: Good idea. We agree on that much at least.

HALLAM: That is out of the question. Nell will stay here with me. Your medicine must be practised here at the Hall or not at all.

DOCTOR: But my medicine will not work here.

HALLAM: Why not? Is it magic? What can the location matter?

DOCTOR: It is very important that Eleanor have a complete change of scenery. I can take her away with me today, right now.

WALLACE: I wish you would.

HALLAM: I see your game now. This is clearly some convoluted deception on your part, Michael. I might have guessed that you would betray our friendship after all these years.

WALLACE: What

HALLAM: You have arranged for this so-called doctor to arrive at the Hall conveniently on the very day that you are here to visit Nell. Together you have plotted to steal her away from me.

WALLACE: This is nonsense, Henry. I have never seen this man before in my life.

DOCTOR: I was simply enquiring after my ward. I didn't know what I would find here.

HALLAM: Your protestations will not work now. I think it is better if you both leave at once. I shall have McGregor send on your man, Doctor.

WALLACE: But Henry!

HALLAM: That is enough! Now get out of my house!

HALLAM: Good day, gentlemen. Doctor Wallace, I shall expect your bill.

WALLACE: And you shall have it, sir, but do not expect another visit.

DOCTOR: Mister Hallam, I appeal to you. Let me take Mel away. I mean Eleanor. Let me take Eleanor away now.

(Door slams.)

DOCTOR: So much for plan A.

WALLACE: I do not know who you are, sir, or what your true intent is, but your suggested treatment was the wisest course of action. It seems there is no reasoning with Henry now.

DOCTOR: No, there's only one mad person in Hallam Hall, and it's not Eleanor. I hope she'll be safe in that house until I can rescue her.

WALLACE: What did you say? Rescue? Wait. You referred to Eleanor as Mel, did you now?

DOCTOR: A mere slip of the tongue. Come on, John. Where are you? Ah, there he is.

WALLACE: Your valet.

DOCTOR: No, not quite. John, over here!

WALLACE: He's not your valet? I am most confused.

DOCTOR: It seems we have some explaining to do. Come on, let's get out of the grounds so we're not visible. This way, John, quickly!

JOHN: What's going on? Wait for me.

MCGREGOR: Good afternoon, Miss Eleanor. Would you like to go out to the roof garden? It's such a beautiful day, and some fresh air will do you good.

MEL: Thank you, McGregor. I'd like that very much. It is a beautiful day, that's for sure.

MCGREGOR: Forgive me for saying so, Miss, but you appear to be feeling rather better today.

MEL: Yes. In fact you could say I'm almost beginning to feel like my old self again.

MCGREGOR: Oh, this is marvellous news. The master will be most pleased. He worries so much about you, you know.

MEL: Yes, I know.

MCGREGOR: It seems Doctor Wallace's treatment has finally worked and helped you to recover. Perhaps soon you will be able to return to your own family.

MEL: Maybe. I'm still a little muddled, though. I can't remember how I got here or anything.

MCGREGOR: Shall I get some more of your medicine, Miss?

MEL: No! No, I'm sure the fresh air will clear my head.

MCGREGOR: Very good, Miss. If there's nothing else, Miss, I'll get back to my other duties.

MEL: Actually, would you mind staying and talking to me while I water the plants? I do feel quite a lot better today, but my memory still has so many gaps. You may be able to help me fill them in.

MCGREGOR: Of course I'll stay, Miss, if you think it'll help.

MEL: Thank you. I know your time is precious, so I shan't keep you long.

MCGREGOR: Nonsense, Miss. The master has told us all many times that recovery of your health is the most important thing in the world to him. My other duties can easily wait. Now then, how can I help you?

MEL: Well, I'm trying to remember what has happened since I arrived here at Hallam Hall. I arrived in the winter, didn't I?

MCGREGOR: Yes, Miss, not long before Christmas.

MEL: I think I remember Christmas. Everyone tried so hard to cheer me up.

MCGREGOR: But you would not be cheered, Miss. You were quite distraught and no one could understand why. It was a trying time.

MEL: I remember, well, a fight. I didn't start a fight, did I?

MCGREGOR: I'm rather afraid you did, Miss. The master tried to calm you, but you punched and kicked and scratched. It was after that incident that master agreed to let Doctor Wallace treat you with laudanum.

MEL: It's no wonder I can't remember much about it all.

MCGREGOR: It is a powerful draught, Miss.

MEL: And now it's summer.

MCGREGOR: Midsummer's day tomorrow.

MEL: I can't believe I've been here six months. Six whole months of my life wasted in the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

MCGREGOR: I'm sorry, Miss?

MEL: You see, McGregor, I'm really from the future, from the 21<sup>st</sup> century, and I've travelled back in time by accident.

MCGREGOR: (laughs) Oh, very good, Miss. Oh dear, you almost had me believing you. That was exactly the sort of thing you used to say. Next you'll be telling me that the Doctor will be coming to rescue you. That was one of your favourites.

MEL: But he has come. I saw him earlier. Oh, you must believe me, McGregor.

MCGREGOR: I try to, Miss, but Doctor Wallace lives here in the village and try as I might, I cannot imagine him taking him through time no matter how much laudanum he prescribes. Oh dear. And today's visitor is already on his way home.

MEL: What? He can't be leaving already.

(Knock on door.)

MCGREGOR: Oh, excuse me, Miss. I'll see who it is.

(Door opens.)

MCGREGOR: Oh, good afternoon, sir.

HALLAM: I heard all the laughter. Am I to take it that Nell is feeling better?

MCGREGOR: Yes indeed, sir. She's in the roof garden tending her plants.

HALLAM: Nell? McGregor tells me that you're feeling much better.

MEL: Yes, I feel much more like my old self today.

HALLAM: I am very pleased to hear that, and to see such a lovely smile.

MEL: I wonder if I could come downstairs and see the new doctor again?

HALLAM: Oh, but he and Doctor Wallace have already left.

MEL: What?

HALLAM: I am sure they would both be glad that you are well, but you have no need to see either of them again. Put on your bonnet, Nell. We shall go for a walk in the grounds together. Come along, McGregor. I

have an errand for you.

MCGREGOR: Coming, sir.

MEL: They're so pleased that I'm so-called well again, when really I'm just not drugged to the teeth. (sighs) What is the Doctor playing at? Why doesn't he just take me home?

DOCTOR: I think we're out of sight now.

JOHN: Doctor, it's 1782.

DOCTOR: I know.

JOHN: But that means that Melanie has been here for six months.

DOCTOR: Yes, I've seen her.

WALLACE: Wait a minute. Eleanor used to talk of a doctor who would come to rescue her, and for a long time insisted her name was Mel. Are you this doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes, I am.

WALLACE: You mean to say that Eleanor has been telling us the truth all this time? I cannot comprehend this at all.

JOHN: It's all true. The woman you call Eleanor is my niece, Melanie, who somehow has been thrown back though time. We're here to take her back.

DOCTOR: But there is a problem.

JOHN: The canister?

DOCTOR: No, Mel herself. She has become Eleanor Hallam, part of your family history.

JOHN: So? Ah, I see what you're saying.

DOCTOR: Yes, we can't take Mel back. To leave your history unchanged, we must leave her here, to live out her life as Eleanor Hallam.

#### [Part Four]

HALLAM: I am so glad you are able to join me for a walk in the grounds, Nell. Many times I've walked here alone, knowing how much you would love the beautiful roses and herb garden.

MEL: It is lovely, yes. Tell me, Mister Hallam. Did no one else ever arrive at the house in the winter of 1781?

HALLAM: No. Only you, my dear Nell. Wait here a moment, while I open the summerhouse.

MEL: (sotto) So the real Nell Hallam never showed up, or was turned away by the staff because Henry already had enough on his plate.

HALLAM: Now, Nell, the summerhouse is ready. We can see the most beautiful part of the garden from here. Tell me, now that you seem so much recovered, has your memory returned? Do you remember who you are?

MEL: Er, no. It seems I must have lost those memories for ever. It looks like I shall be just Nell from now on. How did I come to be called Nell?

HALLAM: It is what I thought you said your name was. Nell, short for Eleanor. But you have no surname. I have a proposition for you. I have come to love you dearly these last six months, and I now hope that you will do me the honour of being my wife.

MEL: Your wife? I wasn't expecting this.

HALLAM: I have cared for you for six months. I have watched you sleeping, held your hand when you cried, longed to hold you in my arms.

MEL: And what else have you done while I've been too spaced out to notice, I wonder?

HALLAM: What do you mean?

MEL: I mean, are you the sort of man who takes advantage of a woman while she's too ill or too steeped in laudanum to protest? How could I possibly think of marrying you with that in the back of my mind?

HALLAM: I think you will find it wise to accept my offer, Nell.

MEL: No doubt. But I don't love you, and I don't plan on staying at Hallam Hall now that I'm well again.

HALLAM: You will find it difficult to leave Hallam Hall now, if you wish to preserve your honour.

MEL: Now you're reduced to threatening a woman. And I thought you were a compassionate benefactor. How wrong I was.

HALLAM: It is not a threat. Merely an observation. I think you are still a little confused. You will soon come to see that marriage to me is what you really want.

MEL: I don't think so.

HALLAM: You should return to your room to think. There are some matters to which I must attend before dinner.

MEL: The man is totally unhinged. Wait a minute. Everyone thinks my name is Eleanor and if I marry him I'll become Eleanor Hallam. Is that why the Doctor has left me here?

JOHN: But this is terrible, Doctor. We can't abandon Melanie here.

DOCTOR: I agree. There must be some way out of this. First we have to get Mel out of that house. I don't trust Henry Hallam.

WALLACE: Nor I any more. He seems lately to have lost control over his thoughts. I have never seen him behave the way he did today.

DOCTOR: I suspect he's having a breakdown. His mind can't cope with the loss of his wife, he's concentrated all his energy on helping someone else, and has never stopped to consider healing himself.

WALLACE: You are probably right.

JOHN: Never mind Henry, let's get Melanie out of here and get her home.

WALLACE: If you hope to remove that woman from the house, then I shall help in any way I can. I have a duty to my friend, even though he's not himself at the moment. The first step in his recovery will be the absence of Eleanor, I mean, Melanie.

DOCTOR: Good man. Now, there are two things that we need to do. First, we need to rescue Mel. Second, we need to locate the unstable canister and bury it in the garden.

WALLACE: What unstable canister?

JOHN: I'll explain later. Briefly, it's the device that brought Mel back in Time.

WALLACE: I wish I hadn't have asked. What can I do to help, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Find a shovel and dig me a hole in the garden, just over there, by that rhododendron bush. Can you do that for me?

WALLACE: I think so. I know where the groundsman keeps his tools.

DOCTOR: Excellent. Hallam, you and I are going back into the house by the back door. We'll all meet at the rhododendron bush in half an hour?

JOHN: Right. Let's go.

(Knock on door.)

HALLAM: Come.

(Door opens.)

MCGREGOR: You rang for me, sir?

HALLAM: Yes, McGregor. Please ask the lad to take this letter to Doctor Wallace in the village straight away. We no longer require his services.

MCGREGOR: Yes, sir. Sir?

HALLAM: What is it, McGregor?

MCGREGOR: Begging your pardon, sir, but are you sure Miss Eleanor is truly recovered?

HALLAM: Not fully, I grant you. She cannot remember her true identity, but the improvement is marked.

Why? What is it that is troubling you?

MCGREGOR: I don't like to say, sir.

HALLAM: Oh now, McGregor. You have been in my service a long time now, and apart from myself it is you who has spent the most time with Nell. I trust your judgement. Please tell me.

MCGREGOR: Well, I was just going to say, sir, I wonder if Miss Eleanor is only pretending that she cannot remember who she is, seeing as how she has such a comfortable position here.

HALLAM: Surely this is not jealousy, McGregor. You are well-treated here, are you not?

MCGREGOR: Oh yes, sir. That's not my worry, sir. I'm worried about you. I know it may sound silly, but what if Miss Eleanor is only pretending to be well again, if she is deceiving us, and it is only found out months or even years from now. I cannot bear to see you go through the same torment you did when the mistress died, sir, and I'm sure I speak for all the staff.

HALLAM: Then she is very convincing. My, McGregor, what an inventive mind you have. I am very touched by your concern, McGregor, and I thank you for it, but I truly feel that your worries are unfounded.

MCGREGOR: I'm sorry, sir. I hope you understand my worries.

HALLAM: I do, and I'm glad that you have the courage to raise them. However, I feel quite sure that Nell is recovered enough to lead a normal life.

MCGREGOR: Yes, sir. I'm sure you're right, sir. And she may even go back to her own family at last.

HALLAM: I do not think that that will be necessary. I have high hopes that she will be my wife, the second Mrs Hallam. Now, that letter will not deliver itself.

MCGREGOR: No, sir. I'll see to it right away, sir.

JOHN: Well? What can you see?

DOCTOR: It's the kitchen. It's empty. Try the door.

JOHN: It's open. Come on.

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: Can you hear something?

JOHN: Someone's crying. Mel?

DOCTOR: No, it's not Mel. But whoever it is, is coming this way. Hide.

JOHN: Where? Under the kitchen table? In the sink?

DOCTOR: Oh, you're right. We're going to have to brazen it out.

MCGREGOR: Oh, mercy. Oh, you gave me quite a fright. I thought you had gone.

JOHN: Mrs McGregor, whatever's the matter?

MCGREGOR: It's the master, Mister John. I have cared for him all these years, and especially since the mistress died, and now he will marry Eleanor, and I shall never be Mrs Hallam.

JOHN: There, there, Mrs McGregor. This marriage may not come to pass.

DOCTOR: I'm certain it won't. Men often find it difficult to see the good women under their very noses.

MCGREGOR: Very kind of you to say, sir, but once his mind is set he will not change it. Eleanor will be his wife.

DOCTOR: Not if I have anything to do with it. We've come to take her away from Hallam Hall for good.

JOHN: And neither you nor Henry will ever see her again. You'll have him all to yourself.

MCGREGOR: Are you sure?

DOCTOR: Absolutely sure. We'll take Eleanor away with us today.

MCGREGOR: Why should you care what happens to her, or to me for that matter?

JOHN: Because Eleanor is my niece. Her real name is Melanie.

MCGREGOR: Your niece! Why did you not come to find her sooner than this?

DOCTOR: It took us a while to track her down. We're not er, local, you see.

MCGREGOR: She said many times that she did not belong here. Oh, I hope she will recover once you get her home.

JOHN: I'm sure she will. Now we must get on. Doctor, you know where Melanie is, don't you?

MCGREGOR: I shall show you the way, Mister John. I have to take this up to her.

JOHN: What is it?

MCGREGOR: A present from the master.

DOCTOR: And while you two are doing that, I'll find the canister. See you at the rendezvous later, John.

(Digging.)

WALLACE: My frame is not designed for manual labour. I hope that is enough. Now I just wait.

DOCTOR: Somewhere along here. Ah, Henry's study, of course. (door opens) There you are. Who would have thought you could cause so much misery.

HALLAM: I think that is a little harsh, Doctor. I have saved Eleanor from a life in an asylum.

DOCTOR: I didn't hear you come in.

HALLAM: Evidently. I thought I asked you to leave the premises. What do you mean by intruding here?

DOCTOR: I thought one last chance to persuade you

HALLAM: No, Doctor. Now leave the Hall before I am compelled to take stronger action. This way.]

DOCTOR: Very well. I have what I came for.

HALLAM: Indeed? And what is that?

DOCTOR: Confirmation of my diagnosis.

(At the front door.)

HALLAM: I shall not ask again. Leave my house. Now.

DOCTOR: Goodbye, Mister Hallam.

HALLAM: We shall not meet again.

DOCTOR: No, I don't think we shall.

(Knock on door.)

JOHN [OC]: Melanie, are you in there? The door's locked.

MEL: Uncle John, is that you? (unlocks door, opens) Oh, it is you. I've been so frightened. McGregor, lock the door again. I don't want Henry in here.

JOHN: Oh, thank goodness you're safe, Melanie. We're getting you out of here.

MEL: I knew the Doctor wouldn't abandon me. He'll have a plan.

JOHN: I rather think he's making it up as he goes along. Come on, we have to get moving.

MCGREGOR: Before you go, Miss.

MEL: Yes?

MCGREGOR: This is for you, from the master. He had me pick it out for you. It was, it was the most beautiful dress I could find.

MEL: It's fabulous, yes.

JOHN: Come on, Melanie.

MEL: No, wait. Don't you recognise this dress, Uncle? Mrs McGregor, I think you should have it. We're about the same size, and you deserve it more than I do. You've looked after me, and after Henry.

MCGREGOR: But

JOHN: It's true, Mrs McGregor. Now is the time to take the initiative, show Henry how you feel.

MCGREGOR: But, what if it does not work?

MEL: It will, trust me. We have to go.

MCGREGOR: Miss Melanie.

MEL: Yes?

MCGREGOR: Take this. Mistress Jane's sewing box. You and I spent many afternoons sewing the samples

within, although you may not remember.

JOHN: The chest! Of course. We must take that with us.

MEL: Oh. Well, in that case, thank you. It will be an interesting keepsake. Goodbye, Mrs McGregor. And thank you.

MCGREGOR: Goodbye. I hope you are happier when you reach your own home.

JOHN: We wish you happiness too. Goodbye.

DOCTOR: Wallace, where are you?

WALLACE: Over here. I thought it better to keep out of sight.

DOCTOR: Very wise. That's the second time today I've been thrown out of Hallam Hall.

WALLACE: But where's the girl?

DOCTOR: John's bringing her. They shouldn't be too far behind me. How did the digging go?

WALLACE: Is that deep enough?

DOCTOR: Mmm, er, yeah, I think so. We have to bury this.

WALLACE: Is that the dangerous canister of which you spoke earlier?

DOCTOR: Yes. It's important that it's buried in this location so that it can be found in 2003. That's how it all started. No, this isn't right. The canister must be inside a specific chest.

WALLACE: Which chest?

JOHN: (distant) Doctor!

DOCTOR: Over here.

MEL: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Mel, thank goodness you're safe. How are you feeling?

MEL: Better, but still a bit confused and woozy.

DOCTOR: That will pass. Well done, John. Were there any problems getting out of the house?

JOHN: No, no, everything went well.

DOCTOR: Good. At least Henry doesn't know yet that Eleanor is missing.

JOHN: And look what we have.

DOCTOR: The chest! Excellent work. Now, let me put the canister in. There we are. Now we can bury it.

MEL: Bury it? What on Earth for? McGregor gave me that as a keepsake.

DOCTOR: Keepsake? What, of your time here? You don't want to keep it, do you?

MEL: Well, I don't know. I'm confused. Can I at least have the samplers?

DOCTOR: If you must. Here. Now, can we get on?

MEL: I don't understand what's happening. I'm feeling dizzy again.

DOCTOR: Because the canister is too near the Tardis again. Here, Wallace, bury this, quickly.

WALLACE: Whatever you say, Doctor. I cannot say that I understand what is going on, but if you still intend to take this woman away from Hallam Hall, do it now before we are found out.

MEL: But you can't take me away, can you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Let's head over there. No need to confuse poor Doctor Wallace any further. There. Now Mel, you say I can't take you away, but you know me. I never say can't.

MEL: But if you take me back to 2003, Eleanor Hallam will cease to exist. She won't appear in Uncle John's history notes.

JOHN: And without that mention of Eleanor's arrival at Hallam Hall, you would never have ended up here.

MEL: I'm stuck in a Catch-22. I have to stay here until Eleanor dies in 1811.

JOHN: Oh, it's all my fault. If only I hadn't experimented with that blasted canister. If it weren't for that, Eleanor Hallam would never have existed.

DOCTOR: That's true. Eleanor Hallam is an error in history.

MEL: Thanks. That's me your talking about.

DOCTOR: Nonsense. I've been thinking about this too. John, tell us again what is known about Eleanor Hallam.

JOHN: Very little. Just about the only reference to Eleanor after her arrival here is her death in 1811.

DOCTOR: And even mentions of that are vague as there's no record of her burial.

JOHN: I'd assumed that the Hallam family had been so embarrassed about having a mad woman in the family that they had buried her in an unmarked grave, or even in the grounds.

MEL: You're not cheering me up, you know.

DOCTOR: But there would still be some record in a parish register or somewhere. No, I think there's no record of Eleanor's burial because, at the end, there was no body to be buried.

MEL: What? I don't understand.

DOCTOR: You don't have to stay and play the part of Eleanor Hallam after all.

MEL: You mean I

DOCTOR: Her death is a fiction, as is most of her life. She never existed other than in the six months from December 1781 to June 1782.

MEL: So I can go back to 2003?

DOCTOR: Yes, with no harm done to the timelines. I suspect that when Henry records Eleanor's death in his

journal, it's symbolic rather than factual.

JOHN: Oh, this is great news. Shall we get going? I'd hate to be standing round in the garden discussing this when Henry finds out that Eleanor is missing.

DOCTOR: How's it going, Doctor Wallace?

WALLACE: All done, Doctor. With the turf replaced, no one will know we have buried anything here. And I shall tell no one about it, or about any of this.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

WALLACE: And now I think I should return to the house.

JOHN: Whatever for?

WALLACE: Whatever has happened, Henry is still my friend. I should have been treating him, not Melanie, for the past six months, and perhaps for some time before then, too.

DOCTOR: You're a good man, Wallace. Good luck.

MEL: And one thing. You have an ally in Mrs McGregor.

WALLACE: Thank you. I do not pretend to understand what has gone on today, but I wish you all well for the future. Goodbye.

JOHN: Come on. I've had enough history for one day.

MEL: Me too. Doctor?

DOCTOR: This way. The Tardis isn't far. You'll be home soon.

MEL: Home. I don't know where that is anymore.

(Knock on door.)

HALLAM: Come.

(Door opens.)

MCGREGOR: Good evening, sir.

HALLAM: Yes? What is it, McGregor?

MCGREGOR: I have come to say something to you, sir.

HALLAM: Well?

MCGREGOR: If I may speak plainly, sir, I think that you will be making a mistake if you marry Miss Eleanor.

HALLAM: Ha! Now even my housekeeper criticises my decisions.

MCGREGOR: She does not love you, Mister Hallam. And there is another who does.

HALLAM: What other? What are you talking about?

MCGREGOR: Sir, I have cared for you as long as I can remember.

HALLAM: But you are my housekeeper, McGregor.

MCGREGOR: I need not always be, sir. Although I am always here, I feel you sometimes speak to me without really seeing me. Without seeing me for what I truly am.

HALLAM: I think that is enough, McGregor. But wait. That dress. It is the one I gave as a present to Nell. What is the meaning of this?

MCGREGOR: Miss Eleanor gave me the dress. I thought you would see me differently if I were not dressed in my usual clothes, but in something finer.

HALLAM: Indeed I do see you differently now. I see you as an attention-seeking and desperate woman who has far outreached her station!

MCGREGOR: But

HALLAM: As you have given me many years good service, I shall overlook this matter. It will not be mentioned again. Go now and inform Nell I request she joins me for dinner.

MCGREGOR: I cannot, sir.

HALLAM: Do you defy me!

MCGREGOR: I cannot do as you ask, sir, as Miss Eleanor is no longer here.

HALLAM: What? Get out of my way! (distant) Nell! Nell!

HALLAM: She is not here. Where is she, McGregor?

MCGREGOR: She left some time ago, sir, with her Uncle and another friend.

HALLAM: Why did you not inform me they were here?

MCGREGOR: Because you would have stopped them taking Miss Eleanor away.

HALLAM: But I did not even know they were here! Do you mean to tell me that you let some strangers come into my house and allowed them to take Nell away while I was busy entertaining guests?

MCGREGOR: But the visitors you had earlier today were her family, sir. They had been searching for her for some time.

HALLAM: They are not her family. I am. I am Nell's only family now. No one else shall have her.

MCGREGOR: Calm down, sir. Are you unwell?

HALLAM: It is your fault she has been taken from me, McGregor. Your fault! And you sought to take her place! I shall see your life is as miserable as mine!

MCGREGOR: Ah! Get off! Please, help me! Help!

WALLACE: Henry! What are you doing? Leave her alone!



(Thump!)

HALLAM: She's gone, Michael. Nell, no, Jane has gone.

WALLACE: Calm down, my friend. Yes, I know she's gone.

HALLAM: (crying) She's gone. Gone! How am I to live without her?

WALLACE: We shall help you, Henry. McGregor and I shall help you all we can.

MCGREGOR: Please, do not worry, sir. We shall take good care of you.

WALLACE: It is just as the Doctor said. His mind has broken with the strain. He has not recovered from the loss of Jane.

MCGREGOR: Will he recover, Doctor Wallace?

WALLACE: In time. It is all a matter of time.

MCGREGOR: So all is not lost?

WALLACE: Not by any means. Help me get him to his room. He needs to rest.

(The Tardis materialises, Tardis door opens.)

JOHN: Oh good, we're back.

DOCTOR: Did you expect otherwise?

MEL: Well...

DOCTOR: Ahem.

JOHN: Anyway, I imagine I've got a hungry cat somewhere.

DOCTOR: Actually, by my calculations, we've arrived more or less as we departed, so put thoughts of malnourished moggies aside, John, because the first thing we must do is destroy the prototype canister before it works any more mischief.

JOHN: Right. I'll dismantle it and have the components destroyed. I don't want anyone else being whisked away.

MEL: No, not something I'd particularly want to go through again.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Mel. This has been a terrible experience for you. I wish there had been some way we could have got to you more quickly.

MEL: Actually, I don't remember all that much about the time I spent at Hallam Hall. Huh, and I'm supposed to have an eidetic memory.

DOCTOR: Facts and figures and images, Mel, that's what your photographic memory is for. What you've suffered involves a different part of the mind.

MEL: I suppose I might find some good memories if I dig hard enough.

DOCTOR: Well, if you can, best to concentrate on those, I think.

JOHN: Look, Hallam's diary. You remember we found that all the pages relating to 1782 had been ripped out?

DOCTOR: Of course. The entries he wrote while he was having his breakdown, removed to hide his illness from others.

JOHN: Removed by McGregor, at a guess.

DOCTOR: Hmm?

MEL: McGregor? Don't you mean the second Mrs Hallam?

JOHN: What?

MEL: Well, we didn't know who the woman was in the painting in the library, and now we know. It's Mrs McGregor. Henry must have married her in the end.

JOHN: Yes. Now you come to mention it, that dress she showed you is the one the woman is wearing in the picture.

MEL: That's how I knew I had to leave it at Hallam Hall. I was never destined to wear it.

JOHN: Oh, I'm pleased for her. She seemed such a good woman.

MEL: And perhaps she was able to retrieve the good man lost inside Henry.

DOCTOR: So we have a reasonably happy ending to all this. Well, as soon as you've seen to that canister, John.

JOHN: On my way.

MEL: I might have known that a trip to see my uncle would be problematic if I took you along with me. You seem to have a knack for making things complicated.

DOCTOR: And it wasn't even my fault for once. Are you sure you're feeling all right?

MEL: Yes, I'll be fine. All I need is a couple of weeks at the seaside to recuperate. But for now, I'll make do with a finger buffet and champagne.

DOCTOR: What?

MEL: Well, we do have a reception to go to, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Let's leave it a little while, Mel. Let's wait until the canister is safely dismantled.

JOHN [OC]: Nearly done.

DOCTOR: And I can't be sure we've arrived back after we left. We don't want to bump into ourselves downstairs, do we?

JOHN: There. All finished.

MEL: I think I'm getting a headache. Oh, come on, let's risk it. If I see another me in the crowd somewhere, I'll just avoid her. Are you ready, Uncle?

JOHN: Yes, let's go. It seems like today has gone on forever. I need a drink.

MEL: You are being outvoted, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, I am being bullied, Melanie. Oh, all right then. Come on.